Were Braſſe impregnable: and humord thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his Caſtle walles, and farewell King.
Couer your heads, and mocke not fleſh and blood;
With ſolemne reuerence throw away reſpect,
Tradition, forme, and ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but miſtooke me all this while,
I liue with bread like you, feele want,
Taſt griefe, need friends: ſubiected thus,
How can you ſay to mee, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, Wiſe-men ne're ſit and waile their woes
But preſently preuent the waies to waile,
To feare the foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in your weakeneſſe ſtrength vnto your foe,
And ſo your follies fight againſt your ſelfe:
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight:
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death,
Where fearing dying, paies death ſeruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a power, inquire of him,
And learne to make a body of a limme.

King. Thou chidſt me well; proud *Bullingbrooke*, I come
To change blowes with thee for our day of doome:
This Ague-fit of feare is ouerblowne,
An eaſie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, Where lies our Vncle with his power?
Speake ſweetly man, although thy lookes be ſower.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the skie,
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauy eye:
My tongue hath but a heauier tale to ſay,
I play the torturer by ſmall and ſmall,
To lengthen out the worſt that muſt be ſpoken:
Your Vncle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Caſtles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in armes
Vpon his partie.

King. Thou haſt ſayd enough:
Beſhrew thee Coſin which didſt lead me foorth

Of that ſweet way I was in to diſp
What ſay you now? What com
By heauen Ile hate him euerlaſti
That bids me be of comfort any
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there ile pin
A King woes ſlaue, ſhall kingly w
That power I haue; diſcharge, a
To eare the Land that hath ſom
For I haue none; let no man ſpea
To alter this, for counſell is but

Aum. My Liege one word.

King. He does me double wr
That wounds me with the flatte
Diſcharge my followers, let then
From *Richards* night, to *Bullingb*

Enter Bull. Yorke, No

Bull. So that by this intellige
The Welchmen are diſpear'd, a
Is gone to meete the King, who
With ſome few priuate friends,

North. The newes is very fa
Richard not farre from hence ha

Yorke. It would beſeeme the
To ſay, King *Richard*, alacke th
When ſuch a ſacred King, ſhou

North. Your Grace miſtake
Left I his title out.

Yor. The time hath bin, ſhould
He would haue bin ſo briefe to
For taking ſo the head, your wh

Bul. Miſtake not (Vncle)

Yorke. Take not (good Coo
Leaſt you miſtake the heauens

Bul. I know it Vncle, and
Againſt their willes. But, who
Welcome *Harry*: What, will n

Hen. Per. The Caſtle is Ro
Againſt thy entrance.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (J